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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



OUR COUNTRY SOLONS.

HAYSEED LEGISLATOR.—I don't know naathin' 'bout her ropes an' sich; but I guess I kin run her — I sot twenty hens last month — an' ain't lost a chicken!



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.

Payable in advance.

Keppeler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, . . . . . H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 18th, 1888. — No. 580.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THOSE WHO MET Mr. Matthew Arnold during his stay in the United States can not be greatly surprised at the return he has lately made for the hospitality he received. Intellect and scholarship do not always imply the coexistence of refinement and delicacy; and Mr. Arnold, to tell the truth, proved to be an awful example of all that his writings tell us a man should not be. Mr. Arnold's books have found many admiring readers in this country; but such of his American disciples as came face to face with their master had to learn, with grief, that a writer may be at once an uncommonly fastidious critic and an uncommonly "common" man. To those who had not this unpleasant experience Mr. Arnold's performance comes, no doubt, with a painful shock. For, after all, it is not expected of a man that he shall break bread with you, and eat your salt, and likewise your terrapin and your *pâté de foies gras*, and sleep under your roof, and then go home to his own place, and fall to reviling of you. There is a certain indecency about it.

But whether or no it is surprising that Mr. Arnold should have done this thing, it is surely surprising that the thing done should attract any serious attention. Mr. Matthew Arnold makes a hurried trip to America, runs through a few cities, stays at a few houses, talks with a few people—and then sits down and writes a critical review of American life, social, moral and physical. What superficial nonsense it must be—and is! How could any human being, in so brief a space, with so little opportunity for investigation and study, acquire any real knowledge of the characteristics of a nation of sixty million souls? An observer so placed might note something of externals; might see some obvious things; might receive a traveler's hurried and fragmentary impressions. But is it reasonable to suppose that he could in any such way gather materials for the comprehensive judgement of a people? Is it not patent that he can have had but a glimpse of what is most apparent; and that there must be much of which he has not even had a glimpse?

And yet this superficial criticism is read and discussed by the people criticised as though it were really worthy of criticism and discussion. They talk it over; they argue about it; they soberly formulate answers to it. Instead of dismissing it as a piece of unmannerly absurdity, they make it a matter of controversy. Certainly, this fact seems wonderful, at first sight. It is only to be explained by the assumption that Americans are so jealous of their good repute as a nation that they can not afford to ignore even the most trivial and idle criticism upon their ways and manners, lest they might lose some chance to correct an unnoticed fault. This seems a tenable hypothesis. We are, we may say, deeply in earnest in our desire to live up to the highest possible standard. If there is anything whatever that is not as it should be, let us know of it, that we may put it right at once. Our life, public and private, must be as near perfection as frail humanity can make it. If there is anything wrong about our social or our political system, it must be mended at once.

And yet, how can this be? For when those who know whereof they speak, who speak from honestly patriotic motives, who desire only their country's good when they point out her errors—when *they* speak, do they receive this same earnest attention and careful consideration? No; to say it frankly, they have to fight for a hearing. We will listen to an ill-bred foreigner who tells us that we must be vulgar because some of our towns have vulgar names. But when an honest American stands up and warns his countrymen of the dangers that are born of political corruption, sectional strife and partisan extravagance, his countrymen hear his words with the apathy of oriental fatalists; and their sole response is to call him a Mugwump.

A man, however, may be a Mugwump or an isothermal polyhedron; if his message be the truth, it will find hearers in the end. It is only fair

to say that the American citizen is beginning to believe that foreign criticism is not the only criticism that is worth heeding. Within four years there has been a change in the attitude of the American citizen. The anomalous state of affairs which we have just described belongs rather to the past than to the present. It exists, indeed; but there are signs which show that it will not exist forever. There is an awakening of the civic spirit which has made Americans more keenly sensitive to national dishonor. It is not only alien insult that can wound our pride and stir us to self-improvement. It is no longer a crime for an American to tell his fellow-citizens that they are selling their birthright for a very poor mess of pottage.

There is in this a mighty promise of future good. It matters very little to us that Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks us vulgar and provincial. It is of the greatest importance that we should criticise ourselves, and not sink into a fatuous self-complacency. There are evils in our political and in our social life; and he is the best patriot and the most useful man who is quickest to point them out to his countrymen, and most instant in urging their abolition. He may speak unpleasant truths; but, if they are truths, must we not know them?

Let us not concern ourselves with the opinions of the casual and transient Briton. Any thoughtful American can tell us enough about our own shortcomings to occupy all our attention. Here is this great city of New York, tax-ridden, robbed and swindled by great and small; her affairs in the hands of rustic legislators, who, if they are not corruptly treacherous to their trust, are at best ignorant of her wants and needs. Her condition is that of a hundred other unhappy towns. Here are two great political parties, divided by no principle, yet making the whole country the battle-ground of their mad contest for the spoils of office—a contest in which each is willing to employ the meanest weapons of the demagogue. Here are men who are factors in politics only because they are able to keep alive the hate and fury of a cruel internecine war that ended a quarter of a century ago. Here is a system of taxes upon imports that was made to meet the exigencies of business more than a generation ago, and that to-day cripples not only the industries it was established to protect, but the whole trade and commerce of the country. Here we have an order of presidential elections that once in four years sets the country in a fever, and induces a mercantile and financial paralysis. We suffer from laws that need amendment, and from the lack of necessary laws.

Let us listen to those of our own people who have the courage to tell us of the work of political reform that lies ready to our hands, and let us not trouble ourselves over the condemnation of the wandering Briton with whose stomach our bread has chanced to disagree.

A DESPERATE EXPEDIENT.



HARRIED PARENT.—Now, my dear, get out the darlings' ulsters, and I fancy we'll baffle the "no children" landlords this first of May.





## THE LATEST FAD.

MRS. LENOX HILL (*showing her establishment*).—This is our last addition to the *bric-à-brac*. That is all, Alphonse. You may get down now, and go to the kitchen salon.

IT WAS Lord Tennyson who sang: "Britons, hold your own!" To us, the advice seems to be wholly unnecessary. Yet perhaps he meant to offer a delicate hint that his countrymen might make themselves more popular by accepting his counsel in a literal and restricted sense, and confining themselves to that exercise of tenacity.

"HAMLET" is a play for all time. It will never give up the ghost.

SOON WILL the syringa sway to and fro, and the air will be soothed by the coo of the mock-turtle dove, and rasped by the stuttering medley of the lawn-mower that only a telegraph operator can listen to without going crazy.

THE BOY playing marbles stoops to conquer.

THE ROSE that blooms on the window sill and thrills with delight in the pensive gaze of Althea Belinda, ought to congratulate itself on its rare good flower-pot luck.

A DRY DISCOURSE — A Temperance Lecture.

OH, TAKE the slim cigar box  
And nail it on the tree,  
To make a cosy castle  
For wren and chickadee.

ATLANTIC CITY is so full of cats that a Flobert rifle goes with every back-room.

THE REV. ROWLAND HILL it was, who said, in the early part of this century, that he saw no reason why the devil should have all the best tunes." He would feel that accounts were pretty nearly squared if he had lived to know that Wagner never wrote anything for the church.

A BOSTON BEAUTY who wintered in Rome, now alludes æsthetically to the cuspidory.

GEESE FLYING NORTH is a sign of spring. Your inability to shed or moult your ulster is another.

THE CHICAGO B. B. C. will have an Indian Mascot this season. It is time to give the American a chance.

ONE OF Mr. W. D. Howells's recent novels, "Indian Summer," is marked by three very sensational features: the hero has his arm broken, the story ends happily, and none of the characters are Bostonians. We are compelled to note with sorrow, that this author, who once confined himself to the realms of the probable, is rapidly deteriorating into a mere writer of blood-and-thunder romances.

THE PUG and fox terrier are being supplanted by the political pointer.

OH, WHAT A delicate, subtle, beautiful hint to musicians who don't happen to be Schubert it is that Schubert left an "Unfinished Symphony!"

THE CROSS-CUT SAW gets dull in spite of its teeth.

OSCAR WILDE has returned to trousers. So there is now some chance that the male man may get rid of those abominations, and get some comfort for his legs in the knee-breeches of his grandfather.

THE ROLLING JOKE gathers lots of moss.

"YOU DON'T SEEM to have many married people living near Fifth Avenue," said a Brooklyn citizen, recently: "I was over there the other day, and I did n't see a single gentleman wheeling a baby-carriage."



## AN OBVIOUS ABBREVIATION.

LITTLE SALLY LUNN. — What does MFG. stand for, Bertha?

LITTLE BERTHA BROWNBRED. — Why, *muffings*, of course!

## THE REFORMED EXHORTER.



SOME TEN YEARS AGO, I was walking down the shady, winding main street of a little Pennsylvania town, when I heard, proceeding from the oblong green in front of the Court House, which was called, of course, the "Square," a voice which excited my interest.

Somebody was delivering a harangue in the good old revival fashion, with that strange see-saw sing-song, up and down, and down and up, that we rarely hear nowadays, and that our children, perhaps, will never hear.

I drew near and listened. It was not a revivalist.

Under the great green trees of the "Square" a wagon was drawn up; a long trim wagon, neatly painted in red and green. The horses had been unharnessed, and were standing near the town pump, eating their oats out of nose-bags.

In the wagon stood the orator—or, rather, in the wagon the orator walked up and down, delivering his monologue in the wild cadences of the wandering exhorter, and from time to time calling the attention of his hearers—and the entire population of the town was gathered around him—to a small heap of tin boxes on a sort of shelf over the wheels. I had little trouble in learning his business.

"I am here, brethren," he intoned: "to interdoose to your notice the greatest invention since the great Newton discovered the use of steam. I am here to sell to you," he shouted, his voice rising and falling in the tones that call sinners to the anxious seat: "I am here to sell to you the Great South American Grease Eradicator, the greatest grease remover and general cleaner ever known, at twenty-five cents a box. Takes the grease outer your pants, outer your vests and outer your coats; outer your overalls an' outer your underalls, for on'y twenty-five cents a box."

I have never believed that the rustic possesses the sense of humor. But he certainly has an idea that it is his right and his duty to laugh at anything that is new or strange to him. The assembled rustics were moved to mirth at hearing a man preach the merits of a grease eradicator after the fashion of speech which they had learned to associate with the exhortations of the traveling revivalist. As the peddler harangued, some bold spirit in the audience greeted him from time to time with "Amen!" or "Glory!"

He noticed these manifestations of humor, but for some time he bore them without comment, rattling on with his rhythmic preachment, walking up and down his wagon's length the while. He was a tall, gaunt, sallow man, with bright, piercing eyes and long, snaky black hair straggling down his neck. His dress was awkward in cut; his long black broadcloth frock-coat flapped about his knees; and his shirt-collar was surely as high as any his grandfather ever dared to wear. Yet there was a certain air of neatness and prosperity about him, and he tramped back and forth in the confined space of his wagon, and sing-songed away with easy confidence.

But the rustics had grasped the fact that the occasion called for the exercise of their sense of humor; and their airy *badinage* almost drowned the speaker's voice. Still he went on: "The Great South American Grease Extractor, brethren and sistren, only twenty-five cents a box. Takes the grease outer your pants, outer your vests, outer ALL your clo'es, outer your dish-rags and your hanker-chiffs—takes anything outer *everything*! No, I won't say that, for 't won't take the sin outer your consciences—naathing 'll take that out, on'y repentance. Still, it's worth while trying. Come up, brethren, an' buy. I sojourn with you on'y for a day. I left the Water Gap with thirty-six gross of boxes, and there's just two dozen left to-day, an' ef I am specially favored, I shell sell them two dozen pff this day, in this here town. Twenty-five cents, an' ef you pay cash, I'll call it a quarter!"



It was just here that the local humorist—where is the happy community that has not a local humorist?—came forward and bought a box of the Grease Eradicator, solely for the sake of making his little joke.

"Is this here," he inquired, "a reel evangelicle article?"

"Yass!" yelled the seller, raising his long arms high above his head: "an' I'm a reel evangelicle article, an' you God-forsaken chil'n of Belial are squirming down the road that leads to destruction, and there ain't no eradicator will eradicate you outer the place you're goin' to! Oh, I know you, an' I know what you're a doin' of. You're a-girdin' of me an' a-mawkin' of me, and fer why? Because I talk to yer like I was tryin' to save your souls, instedder your pants. An' why do I talk to you thus, my bretheren and feller-sinners? Why do I talk to you thus? Because I can't help it. Because I don't know no other way to talk. An' why don't I know no other way to talk?"

"D' you wanten know? Start that pile o' boxes a-goin', an' I'll tell you. Ah, you, sir! Twenty-five cents! Thank you! An' your wife will thank you, an' your children will thank you, an' your pants will holler thank you from the hook on the wall. Ah, you too? Thank you, sir. That quarter's a new coat to you."

"Bretheren, fifteen years ago I went down South to the Tar Heel District to save souls. I had n't no ejication, I had n't no fitness; I had n't naathin' on'y zeal an' lungs. An' I labored, an' I labored, an' I labored. An' I labored on, an' I labored on, an' ef I'd a labored as long as it takes to sell you folks a box of Eradicator, I'd a been a laborin' yet. You, sir? And twenty-five cents change, thank you. An' I preached in season an' out of season. An' I had took my little fam'ly down there—my wife an' my three child'n—one at the breast, or had ought 'r 'v been. But skim-milk 'was his portion, for I was laborin' in the vineyard, an' I had n't no time to support my fam'ly. No, I was exhortin', an' preachin' an' wrastlin' with souls—on'y nobody paid no more attention to me than if I had n't 'a' been there. An' the wife was peakin' an' pinin', an' the babe was peakin' an' pinin', an' I was goin' among the people, an' talkin' with 'em, an' wrastlin' with 'em, an' gittin' thrown right along. They was illicit distilleries then—places where they made whiskey that you could wring the corn-meal out of. An' I went among them illicit distillers an' I sought to move 'em. An' they hardened their hearts an' waxened their ears; an' I had no more grip on their souls than a crow has on a jig-tune."

"An' so it went on, with the wife gittin' peakeder an' peakeder, an' the babes gittin' peakeder yet, an' me instunt in season an' out of season—an' gettin' nowhuz."

"An' one day I went up on the mountin', fer to see an especial hard old sinner, an' to wrastle with him fer his soul's sake. And I wrastled fer nigh an hour, an' then he took his pipe out of his mouth, an' he says to me, says he—

"What does he say, bretheren? The man who buys the fust box of the Eradicator knows what he says—thank you, my friend—not quite—ten cents more makes a quarter—yes—he says to me, says he:

"What for are you a-comin' around here, young man, an' a-wor-ryin' honest folks, an' a-raisin' Cain with their souls?" says he.

"Because I've a call," says I.

"Because you've a *what*?" says he.

"Because I've a call," says I.

"A what?" says he.

"A call," says I.

"Call!" says he: "call! you ain't got no call. You ain't heard an ecker at the fur end of a cattle-run!"

"And what do I do, my friends? What do I do, bretheren—for another box? That does it—here's your change."

"I go home, my bretheren. I go home, down the mountin'. An' the big pine-trees go a-whooin', an' I hear 'em say: 'you ain't got no call!' An' the leetle bushes rustle an' crackle, like: 'You ain't got no call!' An' the briers kinder ketch my sleeves as I go on, an' say: 'you ain't got no





## VERY FORGETFUL.

ANATOLE (to DE JONES, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill-of-fare French).—If ze gentlemon vill talk ze language vot he was born in, I vill very mooch better understood.

MR. DE JONES (to friend).—Queer, ain't it, how soon these Frenchmen forget their own lingo when they get over here?

call! An', bretheren, there's suthin' inside o' me hollerin' louder yet: 'You ain't got no call!' An' I HAD N'T got no call!

"An' I went home to my leetle log shanty, an' what did I see thar? What did I see there for two boxes? Fifty cents does it, an' there you are!

"What did I see thar? I see three child'n chewin' on salt pork, an' I see my wife in a butternut gownd a-feedin' of the one that come last on skim-milk. An' says I to her, says I:

"What fer are you a-feedin' that babe on skim-milk?"

"And says she to me, says she—fer two boxes, what does she say? Ah, you! an' ten makes fifty—that's right.

"What does she say to me? She says, says she: 'Because I ain't got naathin' better to give him.'

"An' I says to her, I says—for another box—twenty-five cents—right—I says to her:

"No! I says: 'it's because your husband's a fool. An' if he had n't a-professed religion, I'd say he wuz a derved fool. Pack up, pack up,' says I, 'an' let's get outer here.'

"An' we got outer thar, an' we come up north behine a mule-team. And as we entered the village of Philadelphia, what wuz the fust thing I see—what was the fust thing that caught my eye? The rest of the pile is here—seven boxes of the great Eradicator, that'll take the grease outer your pants, outer your vests, outer your overalls an' outer your underalls—ah, thank you, thank you, sirs—that does it—yass!—

"What do I see but the sign of the benevolent gentlemen who started me up in trade with the unparalleled Grease Eradicator that takes stains outer your pants and has put my family into the neatest frame house on this side of the Alleghanies—hi! hitch up them horses, Jim—sold out!"

The crowd of humorous rustics snarled and dispersed. I had lingered on the outskirts of the throng, and, when the way was clear I approached

## JUDICIOUS CRITICISM.



ARTIST.—That, sir, is my latest production; "Sunset on the Shenandoah."

STUDIO LOUNGER.—Sunset, eh?

ARTIST.—Yes; merely a pot-boiler.

STUDIO LOUNGER.—Pot-boiler! H-m, I should judge it would not only boil the pot, but call out the entire fire department!

the reformed exhorter, who was fishing two dozen fresh boxes of the Eradicator from a cubby-hole concealed under the wagon-seat.

"I would like to ask you one question," I began.

"There ain't no reason why you should n't ask me one question, nor two," he sing-songed back, looking at me as though he felt that he was talking to one of the unregenerate.

"Is that a true story that you have just told?"

He slipped the boxes of the Eradicator back under the seat, and covered me with one comprehensive glance.

"As far as I can see, you ain't got no box of my unrivalled Eradicator," he said.

"I was unfortunately too late to purchase," I explained.

"Well," he responded: "Well, that's kinder unlucky. I ain't answerin' no questions, on'y to customers. G'lang, Jim!"

HE TOLD IT to a Horse Marine,  
In conversation plain,  
That he, J. B., would stay at home,  
All in the watery Maine.

That Horse Marine he winked his eye:  
"Can I believe that tale—  
The Plumed Knight not for Washington?  
How very like a whale!"



## MASONRY—FREE, BUT NOT ACCEPTED.

MRS. QUINEEN.—F'r th' love o' hivin, Hughey, is that youse? An' pfwat has yez upon yure per-r-r-son?

MR. QUINEEN (hurriedly).—Lave me in, an' bar th' dure, Eily. It's inasheded Oi've been in th' Lodge below, barrin' th' complation av th' thor-r-r-ty-nint' degree, phin Oi jumped out th' windy!

## JUST A COMMON, ORDINARY STRIKE.

WITH WRATH the Tailors' souls were stirred,  
They razed, they burned, they massacred—  
They sent the King their final word:

"Three things, false King, or else your crown.

"Three last conditions we will place:  
And first, the women-tailors chase;  
We run with them a losing race.

Grant this, false King, or else your crown.

"With Honest Labor's Sturdy Pride  
Our next demand we choose to hide  
Till with our first you've well complied.

Grant both, false King, or else your crown.

"Our third we've never yet made out;  
'Tis this we care the most about,  
And, false Usurper, dare not doubt

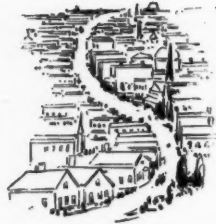
This you shall grant, or else your crown."

From the German, by Job Fish, Sr.

# Puck's Pictorial Gazetteer

VII.

## PATERSON, N. J.



SOME CITIES are set on hills, from the embowered summits of which their tall white steeples flash back in myriad rays of splendor the scintillating iridescence of the setting sun, while at night every glittering light is as a jewel of beauty rare, heaven-set in canopied splendor.

Paterson is slumped into a valley.

Paterson is watered by the River Passaic, which flows through the centre of the place. Every spring it overflows its banks, and dwellers in the immediate vicinity have all kinds of rows with their landlords because the latter will not keep the river out. The citizens retaliate on the river's action by emptying all the refuse from their innumerable silk and jute mills into it; their sewers also have a similar outlet.

Newark is situated on the Passaic, some miles below, and is partially supplied with water from this translucent stream.

There is a great deal of malaria and fever in Newark. The Board of Health is unable to discover the cause.

They have some falls in Paterson which they crack up a great deal. In the spring they are very nice. In the summer they do not fall at all; but the rocks are always there.

Sam Patch jumped off a high place into the river here many years ago, in presence of the Mayor and Common Council.

They occupied reserved seats, and thought of changing the name of the city to Patchton.

But Patch sent in a bill for the occupancy of the seats, and the project fell through.

Cedar Lawn Cemetery is beautifully situated in the south-east corner of the town, at the head of navigation on Dundee Lake. When it contains more vaults, tombs, mausoleums, and such like, all filled, it is thought the city will be greatly improved.

The post-office is the handsomest public building. There is a tradition extant that it was once white, like the spire of Grace Church, New York; but now it is nearer the color of the body of the church aforesaid.

Alas, the spirit of change rests upon all! Even the ancients noticed this; for one of the prophets has beautifully said: "Man, that is born of woman, springeth up in the morning and flourishes as a green bay\* tree, and the place thereof shall know it no more; for better is a stalled ox and contentment therewith than a brawling woman and a wide house."

There are only three places of any size in America that are destitute of a Main Street and a Broadway. Paterson is not one of them.

\*Wisconsin.

The lawyers, owners of silk-mills, and the Mayor wear silk hats on Sundays, and derbys during the week. The clerks in the Clerk's Office and the leading undertakers wear silk hats all the time.

Theatrical managers regard the place as a good one-night stand; but some combinations without the fear of Comstock before their eyes have been known to make a two days' engagement profitable.

Ah, who does not remember the days when he was young, and the very name of a female seminary was as something heaven-sent? A bowered inclosure with envious gray walls shutting in its loveliness, through the barred gates of which were sometimes seen



flitting, fleetsome, white-robed forms; and, again, a face at the window—a dark, oval face, framed in fair, brown hair, looking out at you from under penciled brows and long, dreamy lashes with a strange questioning glance—asking of the future what a girl's young soul may ask—questioning—questioning.

The Tallman Female Seminary is located here.

It is one of the greatest places for church fairs this side of the Ocmulgee River. It has been estimated that about thirty-three million dollars are extracted by the ladies every winter in this manner from their "gentlemen friends," ostensibly for pastors' slippers and other church necessities.

The millinery stores flourish greatly in the spring. Paterson has one opera-house, thirty-five churches, and four hundred saloons.

On Saturday night every adult male and female in the place turns out, and marches up and down Main

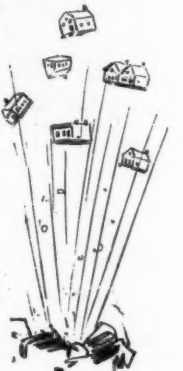
Street in double file. What for, heaven only knows; but the practice dates back to the twelfth century, and is regarded as inevitable. Those missed from the promenade lose caste at once.

There is a big powder-mill near the city, that blows up every little while, affording steady and remunerative employment to three coroners, and much typographical gore to the local dailies. Rents are low in the immediate vicinity.

It costs only fifty cents to come from Paterson to New York.†

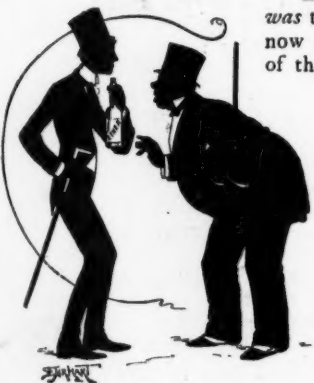
W. R. C.

† I have been offered large sums by leading Paterson real-estate brokers to suppress this fact; but I am incorruptible.



### A CHANGE OF NAME.

STRANGER (on Park Row).—Is this the *Mail and Express* building?  
ECCLESIASTICAL REPORTER.—No, sir. It was the *Mail and Express* building, but it is now known among the virtuous as the House of the Good Shepard.



### A WISE PRECAUTION.

BROWN.—What have you got in the bottle, Robinson?  
ROBINSON.—Ether.  
BROWN.—What are you going to do with ether?  
ROBINSON.—That big duffer Jones has threatened to whip me on sight; and as soon as I see him coming I'm going to take it. I don't propose to suffer if I can help it.

### PATIENCE EXHAUSTED.

"Dot vas no right to trifle mit people's lives," he said to the elevator boy: "vat if dot rope should break?"

"There is a safety-rope," politely explained the boy, "in case one should break."

"Ya, but vat if dot safety-rope should break?"

"Well, even then the elevator would n't fall. There is a brake that holds it."

"Ya, dot vas trifling mit people's lives. Vat if dot brake should give way?"

The boy eyed him with disfavor.

"Dutchy," he said: "you make me tired."





## VAUNTED UTILITARIANISM.

There is one thing which seems hardly compatible with the intensely practical and *soi-disant* altogether-utilitarian spirit of the age. Men assert roundly that they care for nothing except that which subserves some purpose in the economy of existence, and they ask before each step, "*Cui bono?*" But, as we have stated in our prolema, there is one strange thing which seems hardly compatible with the *soi-disant* absolutely utilitarian spirit of the age. It is this:

That after a broad-gauged man, returning home from "downtown," has taken off his gloves in order to get at his pass-key, has succeeded in finding the particular key in the bunch, and has, after a dubious struggle, mastered the secret entrance to the key-hole and is just about triumphantly to open the door—he is bitterly disappointed if just at this juncture his wife, hearing his step, comes smiling to the door and opens it herself from the inside. We do not know why the man feels disappointed—for there is the door open—he has before him all that he hoped for in his wildest dreams on the subject of doors, and yet he is disappointed.

And we therefore repeat that there are some things which seem hardly compatible with the *soi-disant* wholly-utilitarian spirit of the age.

And in the light of this conclusion, we express our conviction that a grown man who has thrown away illusions and dreams, standing before an open door, and mad because he did not turn the key a second sooner, so that the door would have been opened at identically the same time it was opened, seems hardly compatible with the practical and *soi-disant* entirely-utilitarian spirit of the age.

*Williston Fish.*



## JUPITER PLUVIUS OUTDONE.

COLLINS (*the new gardener*).—It do bate th' devil phat strange, new-kindly flowers Oi've seen sinch Oi kem on this place! (*And Miss Veloutine Fay, who had laid off her Easter hat for a set of tennis, never knew just what ruined it.*)

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER, who is down on his luck, is now looking forward pleasantly to the possible harvest of shekels to be made out of doing the candidates for street banners.

THE man who tips his soup-plate seldom tips the waiter.

NOW THAT we are through reaching into our pockets to pay men for shoveling snow, and taking care of the furnace, we must prepare to do the same reaching act for the benefit of the man who pushes that metallic disciple of Wagner, the lawn-mower.

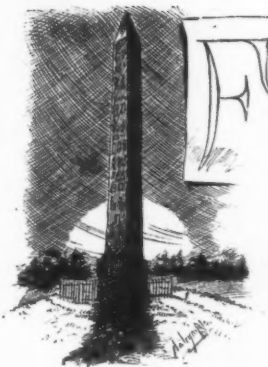
JAY GOULD takes to Western Union like a duck to water.

IF POWDERLY really thinks the hours of labor excessive, he can help the toilers by cutting short his interminable letters and harangues. Anybody who has time to read them is n't suffering very badly, and those who have done a fair day's work should be spared the infliction.

IF THIRTY-TWO is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point?  
—Two in the shade.

THIS is about the time that the country papers print Emerson's "Rhodora" and credit it to Mrs. Sigourney.

## LINES TO THE OBELISK.



FROM THEE we learn our hard Egyptian a-b-  
abs;  
Likewise unnatural history from thy iron  
crabs.  
All up and down thy sides, in picturesque  
array,  
We see the dark Egyptian at his toil and  
play;  
And if the lines in places are rubbed out  
a bit,  
We fancy that was where their poker  
debts were writ.  
Up near the top, where everything quite  
plain we see,

We're sure they've told about their deeds of charity.  
In short, we think those ancients knew enough to write  
Their bad in darkness, and their better deeds in light;  
And while thy antique spirit at us moderns mocks,  
We smile and murmur: "You are with us, old times rocks."

*Tricotrin.*

## A NATURAL INFERENCE.

WAGLEY (*of New York*).—Ya-as, deah boy, it is quite true, as the papahs say, that there ah only foah hundred weal society people in this city.

PORKER (*of Chicago*).—The deuce you say! Why, from all I've heard of Comstock, and Gerry, and McGlynn, and the A. S. P. C. A., I thought pretty nearly all of you were Society people.

DR. HAMMOND WANTS to know if man can live forever. If he is some worthless dependent of a relative, yes.

"WHAT IS so soft as the soft spring air?" sings a poet. The soft spring mud, and the tale of the tree-agent.

NO, JOHN WILLIAM, a cutter yacht is not one that cuts through the water. It is one that cuts down the income of the man who bets on her. That man, however, is now dead.

COLTON says: "That which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest." Colton never acquired a straight tip on Wall Street stock.

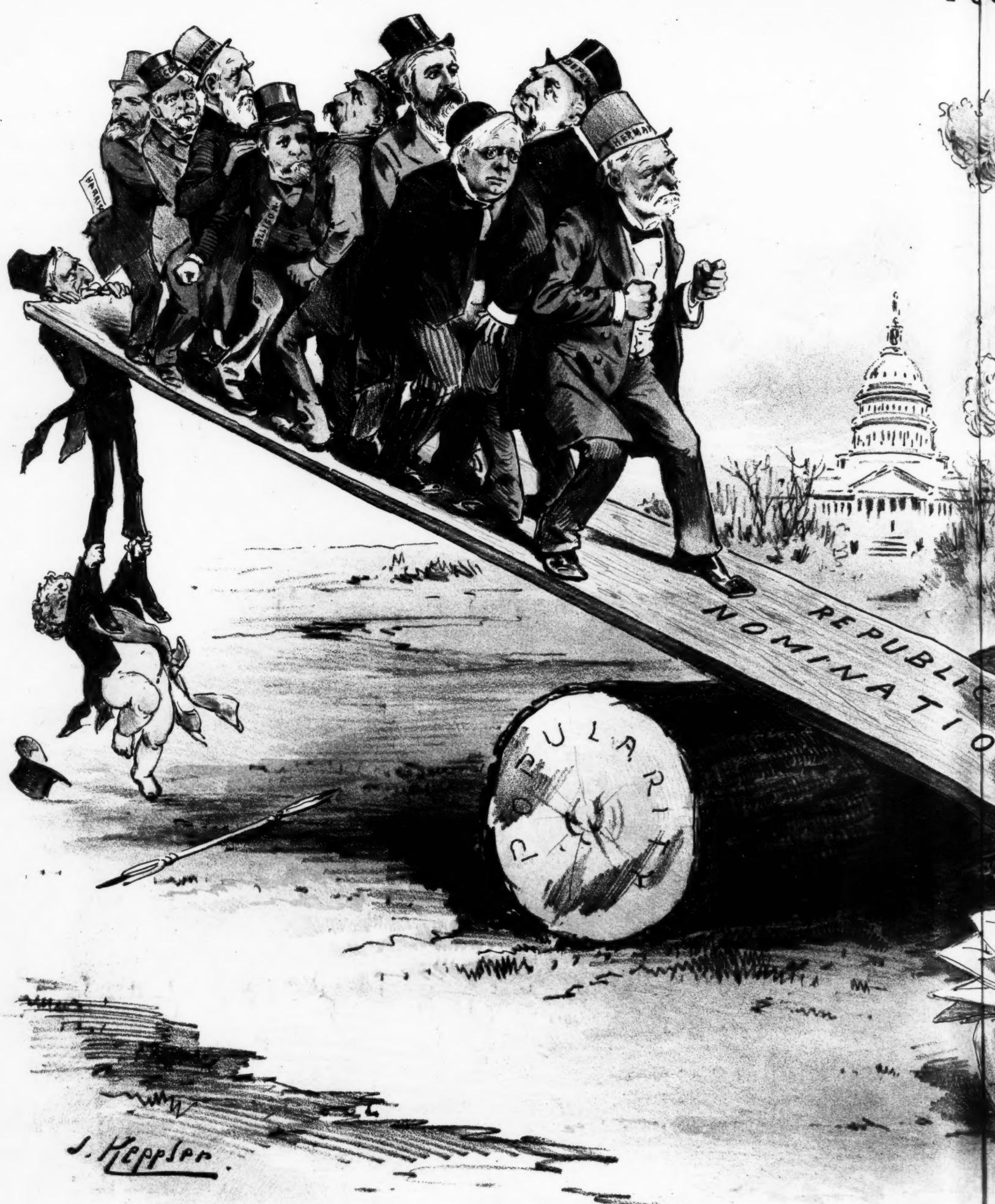
"IS THAT DOG broken?"

"Guess not," replied the owner, dubiously: "but I dressed him down pretty rich with a broom-handle this morning, and he may be a little chipped about the corners."



## AT THE REPUBLICAN HEAD-QUARTERS.

MR. EVARTS — Don't look so surprised, gentlemen. I have followed your suggestion as to buying a new hat, but I have some regard for my friends' feelings, and want to slide into my new life gracefully, and not all at one jump!



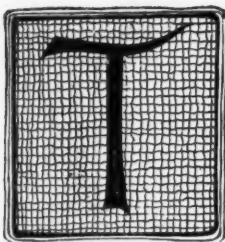
THE REPUBLICANS' PR  
Puck.—Permit me to assist you



PUCK.



CANS' PRESIDENTIAL SEE-SAW.  
to assist you gentlemen, for respectability's sake!



## THE TREATY WITH CANADA — A DISGRACEFUL SURRENDER.

*Songs on Both Sides, Overheard by  
W. A. Croffut.*

**THE AFRICAN METHOD.**—"In Soudan, whenever the Kings of Bambara and Darfur make peace and confirm it by an exchange of presents, it is customary for the subjects of each to assemble at the frontier line, join in a melancholy dance, and, with many contortions of face and body, sing songs, setting forth indignantly that they have been cheated in the bargain by their neighbors, who shout back a similar plaint."—*Sir John Lubbock.*

### SHOUTS OF THE BLUE-NOSES.

"From the first, it was apparent that negotiations must end either in complete failure, or the sacrifice of Canada's interests. The worst has happened."—*Ottawa Free Press.*

"It is a base and inglorious surrender of Canada's case—a complete back-down."—*Halifax Chronicle.*

"In this case, the cup presented to our lips appears an unusually bitter one."—*Toronto Mail.*

"We have got nothing, and have conceded everything."—*Montreal Herald.*

"The American Administration has made a wonderfully good treaty—has got everything without giving up anything."—*Halifax Chronicle.*

### SHOUTS OF THE JINGOES.

"It is a complete and disastrous surrender of the claims of this republic."—*Senator Frye.*

"We have yielded the very point at issue."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Bayard has capitulated to the enemy."—*New York Tribune.*

"The nation will rise up and forbid the ratification of this shameful compact."—*Boston Journal.*

"Every patriot will blush when he reads this treaty."—*Portland (Me.) Advertiser.*

### SHOUT FROM A BELATED BLUE-NOSE.

"Every patriot should blush when he sees this treaty."—*Montreal Herald.*

#### I.

**BLUE-NOSE SOLOIST** (*blushing loudly*).

Wah! Hawah!

I blush with mortification  
To read the Treaty o'er;  
The fishing of the nation  
Is poorer than before.

The long negotiation has brought capitulation

to Yankee domination—

We've given up the shore!

**BLUE-NOSE AND YANKEE** (*duet*).

Wah! Hawah!

We've given up the shore!

(*They quietly weep together during the interlude.*)



#### II.

**YANKEE SOLOIST** (*blushing, as before, r. l. c.*).

Yow! Karow!

O read the shameful story  
That crucifies our pride.  
Would that the wave were gory  
On Fundy's fickle tide!

The Yankee skipper's dory that seeks to troll in glory from

cape to promontory—

Its passage is denied!

**BLUE-NOSE AND YANKEE** (*falling on each other's necks, their voices husky with emotion*).

Yow! Karow!

Our rights are all denied!

(*BLUE-NOSE turns his face to the wall, and weeps alone.*)

#### III.

**YANKEE SOLOIST** (*tunes up again*).

Boo! Garoo!

The Gloucester Trust is tender  
And born of holy greed;  
The Boston codfish-vender  
Will tariffs always need.

The peaceful Treaty-mender will jealousies engender; and Bayard's base surrender

Will make us poor indeed!

**YANKEE AND BLUE-NOSE** (*embracing, once more*).

Boo! Garoo!

And { Bayard's } base surrender  
Tupper's { } will make us poor indeed!

(*YANKEE weeps in stentorian tones.*)



### THEY WERE BOTH HONEST.

**UNCLE EBEN** (*who has been to the city before*).—Now, Em'line, you'll see some fun. That's what they call a steam fire-engine. You would n't think th' darned thing could squirt clean over one o' them big buildin's, would you?

**AUNT EMELINE.**—Eben, I think you're falsehoody!

### NOT TOO SEVERE.

He presented himself at the door of the other place with a somewhat subdued and startled expression of countenance.

"I applied up above," he said, doubtfully, presenting his card: "but they told me there was some mistake, and that I'd better inquire here."

"Ah, yes," said St. Mephistopheles, as he looked at the card: "quite right, quite right. No, you don't come in, though. See that group of gibbering ghosts, huddling down there outside the wall, just over the third sulphur vent? Yes? Well, you just go and camp out with those fellows. They're the puns you made on peoples' names. No, I guess you won't need an introduction. They're familiar enough. No, we don't keep opium here. Good-day!"

**THE BOY** who catches a tortoise and carves "G. W., 1776," on it with his Billy Barlow, and then turns it loose again, has commenced his spring's work.

#### IV.

**BLUE-NOSE** (*commands himself sufficiently to sing, in conclusion*).

Wo! Belo!

Sir Charles is nowhere fêted,  
And rendered fervent thanks,  
While Boston hooks are baited  
On 'Foundland's foggy banks.

The Bargain is completed, but justice is defeated, and Canada is cheated

By mercenary Yanks!

**YANKEE AND BLUE-NOSE** (*cheerfully, in concert*).

Wo! Belo!

**BLUE-NOSE.**  
Justice is defeated and Canada is cheated by mercenary Yanks!

**YANKEE.**  
Justice is defeated and Gloucester is cheated by villainous Canucks!

**BLUE-NOSE AND YANKEE.**  
The Bargain is completed and everybody's cheated by { mercenary Yanks! }  
by { villainous Canucks! }

(*Chorus of indignant partisans on both sides, who yell uproariously, while the Senate and Parliament discuss the Treaty.*)





CRITIQUE.



WHEN THE POET weaves his rhyme,  
On some topic of the time,  
And his pen he tips with brilliant repartee;  
When at shams and frauds he pricks  
In the State or politics,  
Or the follies of our high societe!

Then, no matter what his wit,  
Or how keen his thrust and hit,  
Or how sweet his reason sounds, set line on line  
All the critics will rehearse  
That dull stuff about his "verse,"  
And declare his Muse all earthy, not Divine.

When the rhymester of the Spring,  
With his "soul" begins to sing,  
And on harpies' wings soars far into the sky  
When he slights all human needs  
Breathing only Fancy's creeds,  
Catching Mystery and Vagueness  
on the fly!

When the less he works his brain,  
And the more he doth abstain  
From what mortals love, a blithe  
and jolly laugh;  
And, in melancholic mood,  
"Cares not to be understood,"  
Scorning scornfully with utter  
scorn to chaff!

Then the critics, with an air,  
At the Wonder gaze and stare,  
Bow, salaam, and write their  
notes upon their knees;  
"He's a truly-ruly poet,  
And we'll risk our lives to  
show it,  
For not heaven itself can see the  
things he sees!"  
*Cora Linn Daniels.*

WERE COUNT TOLSTOI consistent,  
he would cross his t's  
as frequently as he dots his i's.

TIME-HONORED—The Note that  
is Not Protested.



But at this moment Ponson's celebrated lending-  
umbrella added another to its long list of victims.

A KEG UNDER THE WHEELS.  
ISSACHAR.—Here's another case of reckless  
driving. A brewer's wagon ran over an An-  
archist yesterday.

FERDINAND.—Kill him?  
ISSY.—No! Said he could stand a heavier  
load o' beer than that.

HE HAD READ THEM.  
"I don't believe any man ever read all of  
Dhowells's books," said Carper to an admir-  
ing group at a literary reception.

"I have," assented a meek-looking gentleman  
at his side.

"You have, eh?" said Carper: "and who,  
may I ask, are you?"

"I am Dhowells," said the meek-looking man.

A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH—Those that are  
Not Landed.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what a  
quarter-stretch is. It is PICKINGS FROM  
PUCK; because the latter costs but a quarter,  
while it stretches over several thousand miles of  
perennial joy and fun.

WRECKED IN SIGHT OF LAND.



TILKINS.—Jove, it's lucky I borrowed this umbrella  
from Ponson! Here comes that rich Miss Banks with-  
out any. I'll see her home, and make myself solid.

CATCHING UP.  
SNOOKS.—You need n't poke  
any more fun at the *Mail and*  
*Express*, Brooks. It's pretty  
nearly up to time now.

BROOKS.—Eh? Has it got down  
to the deluge?

SNOOKS.—Stuff! (*reading.*)  
"April 4, 1888. William Henry  
Harrison, ninth President of the  
United States, died at Washing-  
ton, D. C., this day forty-seven  
years ago."

FUTILE BUSINESS—The Small  
Retail Hatter's.

"THE BRITISH are ahead of us  
in one respect," said the  
General, after a warm argument  
with an Anglophobic on the re-  
spective merits of England and  
America.

"In what, I should like to  
know?" demanded the Anglopho-  
biac, incredulously.

"Time," replied the General:  
"it is seven o'clock in London  
when it is only two here."

*Ed. Brown's*  
*Ginger-*  
ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
U. S. A.

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—IN—  
RHEUMATISM.  
GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

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is the best system in the world. Suits any business. Price, \$2. Write for  
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**BRADLEY HANDY WAGON**

The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, conven-  
ient and low priced. Handy to get into and out  
of. Handy for single horse or pair. Handy for  
one person or more. Handy to load or unload.  
Send for Free Circular. How to purchase direct  
from the manufacturer.  
**BRADLEY & CO.** SYRACUSE, N. Y.  
68 Murray St., New York.  
133 S. Market St., Boston.

SPECIAL LAND EXCURSIONS.

On April 24th, May 8th and 22d, and June 5th, 1888,  
the "Burlington Route," C. B. & Q. R. R., will run  
Special Land Excursions from Chicago, Peoria, St. Louis,  
to points in Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota and Dakota,  
and to points in Colorado east of and including Akron  
and Sterling on the B. & M. R. R. and Sterling on  
the U. P. Railway, at greatly reduced rates. This will  
afford home-seekers, land buyers and others an excellent  
opportunity for the inspection of the fertile country of  
central, north-western and south-western Nebraska and  
north-western Kansas, reached by the new extensions  
of the Burlington & Missouri River R. R. in Nebraska.  
Also, to visit the rich agricultural districts of Dakota  
and Minnesota reached by the Burlington Route. A  
great reduction in rates will also be made to Texas,  
New Mexico, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisi-  
ana and Arkansas points on April 24th, May 8th and  
22d, and June 5th, 1888. For tickets, general or further  
information regarding the above, apply to any ticket  
agent of its own or connecting lines or address, PAUL  
MORTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. B. &  
Q. R. R., Chicago, Illinois.

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box of candy by express, prepaid, east  
of Denver or west of New York. Suit-  
able for presents. Sample orders so-  
licited. Address,  
**C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,**  
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Gymnastic and Hunting Cloth-  
ing, Caps, Shoes, Shirts, Belts,  
etc., of the finest quality.  
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### "TOOTH BRUSH REFORM."

From the "Scientific American."

"The bristles of tooth brushes are extremely harsh and unpleasant, producing unnecessary friction and wear upon the enamel, and inducing diseases of the gums. The bristles tooth brush has been used for so many years as to render it difficult to realize that anything better could be provided for the purpose; still we here present a cut of a brush which, although of recent invention, has come into extensive use, and is favorably known where introduced. It is a tooth brush or polisher, formed of felt. . . .

"This brush conforms to all surfaces of the



teeth, thoroughly cleansing and polishing them without undue friction, and without in any way injuring the gums. When one of the serrated felt tablets becomes worn, it may be instantly replaced by a new one at slight expense."

An Economy in Expenditure! A Luxury in Results!

The Imperishable Holder costs 35 cents. Felt Polishers only need be renewed. 18 boxed, 25 cts. Each good for ten days' beneficial use.

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Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

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HEALTH**

is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 410 Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

### IN CONGRESSIONAL CIRCLES.

BOSTON GIRL (with a newspaper in her hand).  
—That's a queer piece of grammar.  
CONGRESSMAN.—What's that?  
BOSTON GIRL.—A member of Congress saying if he had have saw the man, etc.  
CONGRESSMAN (laughing heartily).—That's so. Had saw would have expressed it just as well, would n't it?—*Washington Critic.*

We learn, on good authority, that Barnum's obese lady uses giant powder on her face.—*Puck.* Does not object to dine a mite either, probably.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

### A PARAPHRASE.

Are women angels? Yes, we say.  
They are undoubtedly; but that's  
No reason why they at the play  
Should wear their wings upon their hats.  
—*Boston Courier.*

THE showman who was eaten by a domesticated tiger went off in a pet.—*Exchange.*

DAMON and Pythias may not have been the first Quakers, but they were certainly great friends.—*Merchant Traveler.*

HOP SCOTCH—The Caledonia Club ball.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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" 6 XX.....	3.00	" 6 XX.....	" 8.00
" 7 XXX.....	3.50	" 7 XXX.....	" 9.00
" 8 XXXX.....	4.00	" 8 XXXX.....	" 10.00
" 10 A.....	5.00	" 10 A.....	" 12.00
" 12 AAA.....	6.00	" 12 AAA.....	" 15.00

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**STEAM WASHER!**  
It will pay any intelligent man or woman  
seeking profitable employment to write  
for Illustrated Circular and terms of  
Agency for this Celebrated Washer.  
Why does it pay to act as my  
agent? Because arguments in favor of  
this washer are so numerous and convincing that sales  
are made without difficulty. Sent on 2 weeks' trial  
I pay expense of return if not satisfactory.  
J. WORTH, Sole Man'r. 1710 Franklin Ave.  
St. Louis, Mo., and 54 Beekman St., New York City  
(Sent prepaid on 2 weeks' trial to persons for their own use)  
(where I have no Agent. Ask particulars about Free Trial.) 22

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SPECIAL CIGARETTES.

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BOUDOIR size for Ladies.

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package bears the company's certificate unbroken; none others  
are genuine.

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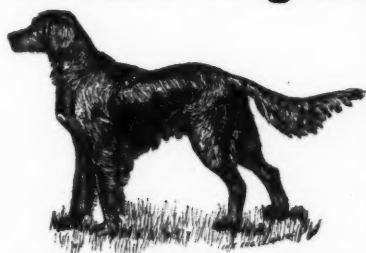
# 30 tons pressure is given to every cake of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap. It outlasts all others.

"It's my last resort," said a slightly inebriated North Sider, the other night, as he formed the resolution to go home.—*Ottawa (Kan.) Local News.*

ATHLETIC SPORTS—Hitch and kick—Marriage and Divorce.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK  
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## Austin's Dog Bread.



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TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc. 118

## TO STOUT PEOPLE.

Advice Free How to Reduce Weight and cure Obesity by the only sure method. Strict Diet and nauseous drugs unnecessary. New Treatise, with full instructions How to Act, sent in plain sealed envelope for 6 stamps.  
Address E. K. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York.

A MAN MUST BE VERY HARD TO SUIT IF HE is not satisfied with the James Means' \$4 Shoes. Retailers who are up with the times sell them in all parts of the United States.

You can not afford to do without them.

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THE VERY BEST MADE.

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Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by the best retailers throughout the United States, and we will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will send us a postal card.  
**JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.**

## CAUTION LADIES.

The Woman Suffrage movement in this country is about forty years old. Ladies will therefore perceive the danger of beginning their speeches with the statement: "I have been connected with this movement from its infancy."—*Boston Courier.*

An attempt is being made to revise the Welsh orthography. It is expected that the revision will throw thousands of ffs and phs out of employment.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

## SOON FORGOTTEN.

It was Polonius who said: "Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Many lenders are of the opinion that it also dulls the edge of memory.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper:

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## CONFIDENCE BORN OF WEALTH.

SHE (*anxiously*).—I am afraid, George dear, that when you speak to Papa he may be very angry?

HE (*confidently*).—I think not, when I show him this. (*Taking a bank-book out of his pocket.*)

SHE.—Oh, George, let me look at it first.—*Harper's Bazar.*

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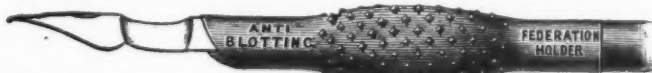
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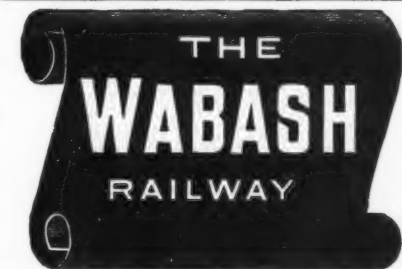
A GEORGIA man who was picked up by a locomotive and flung into the fields, is out in a public card exonerating the railroad from blame. He explains that he had been jilted, and was buried in reflection as he walked along the track. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE French, in changing Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" to a comic opera, have decidedly improved it. In the last act, Catherine falls over a balcony into a lake, and her husband, by saving her at the risk of his life, proves his genuine love for her and it is presumed the wife is devoted to him ever-after. —*Omaha World.*

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